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presentative of all that his comprehensive imagination had designed in the character; it is enough however, to say that Mr. Dowton has long been identified with Doctor Cantwell, and though it may be superfluous to particularise isolated passages when all were good, we cannot avoid remarking his scene in the third act with Lady Lambert, as affording a vivid picture of pious dissimulation and refined artifices.

Miss Kenneth's Charlotte was lively and pleasing, full of the coquette, and that *gaieté du cœur* which should belong to the part; this lady always evinces discrimination and judgment in every thing she undertakes, and is a great acquisition to the company.

Mr. Calcraft's Colonel Lambert was spirited and gentlemanly, he is always at home in a red coat.

We who have seen Liston's Mawworm must be excused, for regarding Mr. Johnson's personification of the character somewhat fastidiously, but we confess he acquitted himself in a manner much beyond our expectation; his sermon in the last act evinced considerable tact, and a thorough acquaintance with the extravagant rant of the conventicle.

Mrs. Pearce went smoothly through the part of old lady Lambert, and looked a puritan of the first water. We do not think Miss Chalmers suited to such characters as lady Lambert. Mr. Shuter's Sir John was but *mediocre*, and we must beg of this gentleman to divest himself of a habit of grimace, by which he so often shews that he mistakes buffoonery for merriment.

With regard to the language of the Comedy itself, we should admire its character much more, were certain expressions which not only admit of equivocation, but border somewhat closely on indecency were expunged.

On Tuesday evening, a historical play was produced for the first time, entitled the Partisans, we have not space to enter at large into its merits, which are indeed somewhat difficult to discover. The incidents appear crowded and badly developed, the language common place and poor.

Mr. Horn is announced, and we learn that Der Freyschutz is to be revived, in order to afford that gentleman an opportunity of playing Caspar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN.

FROM THE GREEK.

TO HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

A translation of the Greek original from which this is taken, and which must be familiar to the ear of all our classical readers, is noticed by Lord Byron, in a note to the third canto of Childe Harold; it is attributed to Mr. Denman, and praised as the best English translation.

The conviction that a more worthy version of the noble original might yet be given, has led to the following attempt.

Εν μύρτου κλάδῳ τὸ ξίφος φέρων
κ. τ. λ.

I'll wear my sword in myrtle wreath,
As erst his blade Harmodius wore,
Till flashing from its verdant sheath,
'Twas redly gilt with tyrant's gore—
Triumphed Athens o'er the slain;
Law and right revived again.

Cherished Harmodius—heart of fire!
A soul like thine could ne'er expire;
But midst the god-like men of old—
Pelides—Diomedes the bold—

Immortal bliss around thee smiles,
Far in the blessed Euxine isles! &c

I'll bear the sword in myrtle wreath,
As erst the brother patriots bore,
Till flashing from its festal sheath,
'Twas purpled with Hipparchus' gore;
And Pallas' fane beheld it rise
Reeking with Freedom's sacrifice!

Souls beloved! Harmodius dear!
Aristogiton—name of fear!
Widest earth shall read your story,
Blazoned in the roll of glory,
Deathless honour crown your dead,
Nobly have you won the meed,—
Striking for that holy cause,
Athens—freedom—equal laws!

A. V. S.

* The Greek poets feigned that the Homeric heroes enjoyed an immortality of happiness in certain small islands of the Euxine sea, hence called *Nῆσοι μακάρεων*.

ANSWER TO MOORE'S "FRIEND OF MY SOUL."

BY A LADY.

Go, recreant Bard, the Goblet sip,
And drown sensations tear,
Nor dare aspire to woman's lip—
Nor woman's love sincere.

Love's bright, though transitory beam,
Will elevate the mind—
But wine's insensate fiery dream,
Leaves spongy behind.

Go, twine the wreath thy brows to shade,
'Twill drop ere morrow's noon—
Like flowers, the bloom of love might fade,
But yet not half so soon.

Then tell me not thine hope's decayed—
Thy time for love is o'er:
Nor form, tho' thou wert once betrayed,
A vow to love no more.

H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The press may literally be said, to groan under the weight of New Works, notwithstanding the universal stagnation of the commercial world. Our chief publishers seem to have their hands quite full. Messrs. Colburn and Bentley announce seventy-seven new Works in the press!!! We cannot find space to enumerate them all; but the following appear the most important.

The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Thomas Campbell, the Poet—Rene Caillie's Travels to Timbuctoo—Cloudeley, a novel, by the author of Caleb Williams—Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Germany and France—The Garrick Papers—Travels in various parts of Peru, by Edmond Temple—Private Memoirs of the French Cabinet during the Directory, Reign, and Consulate of Napoleon, by M. Bourienne—The Heiress of Bruges, by the author of Highways and Byways—Tales of the Colonies, by William Howison, Esq.—Travels among the Bedouins and Wahabees, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt—Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna—A History of Modern Greece, by James Emerson, Esq.—East and West, by one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses"—Life of John Hampden, by Lord Nugent—Letters from Switzerland and Italy, by John Carne, Esq.—Sketches of the Irish Bar, in 2 vols.—History of the Bible, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of the Subaltern—The Correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

Mr. Murray's list of Works, *nearly ready for publication*, amounts to forty-four, among which are the following:

Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher, by Sir Humphry Davy—Life of Bishop Heber, with Selections from his Correspondence, by his Widow—Life of Sir Stamford Raffles, by his Widow—Papers of the Earl of Marchmont—Life of Robert, second Marquis of Londonderry—Life of the Earl of Peterborough, by Sir Walter Scott—Popular English Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets, with Essays and Notes—The concluding volume of Southey's *Peminsular War*—Life of General Wolfe, by Dr. Southey—Life of Sir Humphry Davy, by J. S. Faria, M.D.—Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron, held in Philadelphia, by the late James Kennedy, M.D.—The Progress of Society, by the late Robert Hamilton, L.L.D. &c.

O'Donoghue, Prince of Killarney, a Poem, in several Cantos, with Notes, is nearly ready for press.

The Limerick Magazine is announced for the first of March, to be continued monthly.

The Correspondence between Lord Mountcashel, and the Bishop of Ferns, on the State of the Church, together with an account of the Lay Meeting at Cork, out of which the Correspondence arose, will be ready in a few days.

Blackwood favours us with a twin Number this month. The Traveller's Lay, a Poem, by Thomas Maude, Esq.—The Mirror of the Graces, by a Lady of distinction—Poor Laws in Ireland, by Sir John Walsh, Bart.—The Modern Traveller, No. LX, which will complete the work—Ballinalli's Introductory Lectures on Military Surgery—Dr. Andrew Thompson, has in the press, a volume of Sermons, entitled, Faith and Works, the only Standard of Salvation—Dr. Inglis also announces a new volume, A Vindication of Christian Faith, addressed to those who, believing in God, do not believe in Jesus Christ.

Periodical Literature seems at last to be taking root in Ireland. We have the Literary Gazette, as all our readers know, the Dublin Monthly Magazine, The Christian Examiner, and the Christian Herald, monthly—The Friend, weekly—two in Belfast, the Ulster Magazine, and the Orthodox Presbyterian, both monthly—besides, the Limerick Magazine that is to be, and the Cork Magazine that *was*; by the bye can any one tell us if it be still alive.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Life a Dream, from the Spanish of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, 3s. 6d. Tatam's Compendious Egyptian Grammar—The Family Library, vol. 10, being the 2nd vol. of Allan Cunningham's Lives of Artists—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol. 3, being Domestic Economy, by M. Donovan, Esq.—Frazier's Magazine for Town and Country, No. 1, 2s. 6d.—Kelt's Times of Trial, 6s. 10s. 6d.—Allen's Panorama of London, 12s. The Corsair's Bride, 3 vols. 18s.—Forrester, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 7s.—Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers in the Woods, 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.—Colman's Random Record, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s.

VARIETIES.

We are infinitely indebted to the "most dear lady" who honoured us with the following delicious *marceau*. Our fair readers will be delighted to learn, that we hope to gratify them occasionally with other anecdotes, traced on satin paper, by the same delicate fingers:

Every body has heard of Baron Denon, the celebrated French traveller, whose work has been so universally read; but few except those whom he honoured with his intimacy, knew that at eighty he was the most amiable and lively old man in the world. The Baron had a magnificent collection of every thing curious, a sort of museum in miniature, containing valuable specimens of the antique, which he had brought from Egypt; besides numerous gifts, both rare and precious, which had been sent him from friends in almost every country. Strangers who were so fortunate as to obtain letters of introduction to this celebrated traveller, were always received in this museum, which formed part of a very handsome suite of rooms in the Quai Voltaire. But the great delight of this amiable old man, consisted in receiving his young friends, to whom free permission was given to copy any thing they chose, nor were female visitors excluded from this advantage, on the contrary, in the true spirit of French politeness, he expressed himself particularly "*chârmé*," when they favored him with their society, so that it was not unusual to see his levee a perfect drawing-room composed of persons of both sexes, with whom he was more or less intimate; among those who had the privilege of this entree, was Madame *** a lady equally remarkable for her wit and talents, and an especial favorite of the good old Baron; he was, as may have been suspected, a "*Colibataire*," as well as a "*Philosophe*," and in his splendid salon cleanliness was too often overlooked as an object of but small importance.

Among the various ornaments which adorned his crowded chimney piece was a beautiful little china Cupid; a very chief d'œuvre of art; but so dingy and dirty from accumulated dust, that more than half its beauties were obscured. Madame *** often observed this want of cleanliness with regret, and one day when the Baron happened to be out, she washed the little laughing god and replaced him exactly where he had been before. On his return, the Baron immediately perceived what had been done, but affecting complete indifference, he at once spoke of other things, without appearing to observe that any change had taken place; this annoyed Madame *** so much, that she could no longer refrain from exclaiming—"Voyez, voyez, Monsieur le Baron le cher petit Amour, il étoit si sale si sale!" "Je le vois bien, mais je ne l'aiime plus!" "Bon Dieu! quelle Bizarrie! et pourquoi ne l'aimiez vous plus? Paraissez maintenant cet Amour propre Madame." A more brilliant *coût* we scarcely remember.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondence is really grown so multifarious, that we are for the most part constrained to offer only a general acknowledgment for the numerous favours we have received. For W. L.'s long and amusing letter from Glasgow, we are much obliged; but space and time would not permit us either to insert or abridge it. It is strange enough, that of all our communications both from the Continent, Great Britain and the Provinces, the only ones which do not complain in the bitterest terms of the extreme and unparalleled rigour of the weather, are those from Scotland and the North of Ireland: from the latter we are assured it is most particularly fine.